

TO THE WORSHIPFUL
Thomas Breton, Esq; Mayor,
 The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgessees,
 And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants of the Town of
 NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY
 Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,
Alexander Philipps.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1766, to the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1767; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 11) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground o. The Meeting in *College-Lane* 5. The Meeting on the *Green* o.

<i>Diseases.</i> A BORTIVE and	Asthma	0	Consumption	27	Inflammation	1	Jaundice	3
Stilborn	Cancer	2	Convulsion	15	Fevers	11	Lunacy	2
Aged	Chincough	2	Dropfy	4	Mortification	4	Ulcer	1
Apoplexy and Suddenly	Childbed	3	Drowned	1	Small-Pox	0	Kill'd by a Fall	1

WHERE OF HAVE DIED,								
Under Two Years old	22	Ten and Twenty	3	Forty and Fifty	13	Seventy and Eighty	11	
Between Two and Five	4	Twenty and Thirty	9	Fifty and Sixty	7	Eighty and Ninety	8	
Five and Ten	3	Thirty and Forty	16	Sixty and Seventy	14	Ninety and a Hundred	0	

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS. - -	40	47	87	60	50	110
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	13	10	23	18	16	34
St. GILES'S. - -	12	15	27	13	20	33
St. PETER'S. - -	4	3	7	9	6	15
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish - - -				7	8	15
In the whole Town.	69	75	144	107	100	207
	Increased	-	4	Increased	-	2

—THAT YE SORROW NOT, EVEN AS OTHERS WHICH HAVE NO HOPE. 1-*THESS.* iv. 13.

A SOLILOQUY on DEATH.

*Death is a Debt we all must pay—why grieve?
 On this Condition we did Life receive.*

TO Die is but to take a last Farewel
 Of Life, and all its transitory Cares;
 To close our Eyes, and shut out Day for ever,
 Thus much we know—and that this frail Existence
 Shall to its Sister Earth again return,
 To pulverize, and be dissolv'd to nought.
 To Die—however awful seems the Sound,
 Is but to lay us peaceful down to rest,
 Sink into Sleep, and waken in Eternity.
 Whence then proceeds this coward Fear of Death,
 These Conscience-working Pangs that plague us all,



And make us sink, even to the Grave itself,
 At the bare Mention?—Has not that Great Cause,
 The Eternal One, whose Wisdom cannot err,
 From the Beginning of the earliest Time,
 Declar'd, That Man, and all his Race, should die?
 'Tis the essential Passport that must bring
 (No matter when or how, or soon or late)
 All Nature to that never-ending State,
 Which Immortality alone can give.
 The Soul then, as instructed from above,
 Soon as it quits its Lifeless, Clay-cold Corse,
 Mounts on the borrow'd Silver Plumes of Heaven;
 Thro' chequ'ring Clouds, and soars above the Stars.